

# The Flying Man

by  
**Harry Irving Greene**

Author of "The Lash of Circumstance,"  
"Barbara of the Snows."

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## SYNOPSIS.

Professor Desmond of the Peak observatory causes a great sensation throughout the country by announcing that what appears to be a satellite in space is approaching at terrific speed. Destruction of the earth is feared. Panic prevails everywhere. The satellite barely misses the earth. The atmospheric disturbance knocks people unconscious, but does no damage. A leaf bearing a cabalistic design flutters down among the guests at a lawn party. It is identical in design with a curious ornament worn by Doris Fulton. A hideous man-like being with huge wings descends in the midst of the guests. He notices Doris' ornament and starts toward her. The men fear he intends some harm to Doris and a fierce battle ensues, in which Tolliver and March, authors of Doris, and Professor Desmond are injured. The flying man is wounded by a shot from Tolliver, but escapes by flying away. A farmer reports that the flying man carried off his young daughter. People everywhere are terror-stricken at the possibilities for evil possessed by the monster. The governor offers a reward of \$500,000 for his capture, dead or alive. Putnam is the first of the aviators to respond. After a thrilling chase in the air he is thrown from his machine by the flying man and killed. North and a score of other aviators arrive. The reward is increased to a million. The aviators find themselves outdistanced and outmaneuvered by the flying man. Artillery proves futile. A negro is the latest victim. The aviators go to the scene of the tragedy, some 200 miles distant. Doris invites March to accompany her on a horse-back ride. They are joined by Tolliver, much to March's disgust. While the men are rounding up the horses, which have become unaccountably frightened, the flying man suddenly swoops down and carries Doris off. March and Tolliver pursue the demon. The way leads through canyons and over mountains. Tolliver is driven insane by the strain, shoots March. Tolliver succeeds in climbing up the mountain to a plateau while the flying man has sought refuge. Tolliver is taken unawares by the monster, who carries him up in the air and drops him to his death. March, only slightly wounded, starts back to summon the aviators, but drops from exhaustion. He sees North flying on high and calls him to earth. North takes him in the machine and they land on the mountain plateau.

## CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

In the deathlike stillness the whisper of North sounded thin and shrill as they drew their weapons. "We will keep about fifty yards apart, yet always in each other's sight. Watch me closely for signals and I will do the same by you. Now come." Slowly they advanced, scanning each possible place of retreat and choosing their way with the infinite caution of prowlers who traverse a corridor in the darkness of midnight. In the tension of his suspense March could not feel his heart pounding heavily. The weirdness of the place was upon them with its spell, its silence throbbing in their straining ears, its chaos infernal in its hideous desolation. To one side and below them was a thousand feet, so nearly sheer down that one might have almost tossed a pebble into it, glistened the steel blue waters of Lake Talo, the crater lake of unmeasurable depth, that lay amidst this solitude a dozen thousand feet above the level of the sea.

Then March, whose eyes were everywhere, saw North abruptly stop, recoil and then beckon to him to come by a wave of his hand. Even across the distance that separated them he could see the pallor that had swept over his friend's sun-browned face, and sick with fear at the unknown horror



With an involuntary cry he bounded forward.

he must now look upon the passed quickly to his side. The aviator was pointing at an object which lay close before him, March, looking also, felt his blood turn to ice.

"A sight like that is about the only thing that gets my nerve," whispered the other as he blotted his damp forehead with a hand that shook despite his efforts to control it. "I have seen too many of my good friends lying like that. It makes me think what I will look like one of these days if I don't get out of this cursed business. But we will come back and take care of him later. Just at present we have a woman to look after. Lord! He must have fallen a thousand feet."

Five minutes later Alan, moving with the stealth of a mountain lion, saw something that brought his heart

to his throat. Doris, huddled against a rock, her face in her hands, was within a hundred feet of him. With an involuntary cry and thoughtless of all else except that he had found her, he bounded forward. She heard him coming, shrank convulsively back against the rock with a cry of distress, then raising her hollow eyes saw who it was and springing to her feet stood swaying with hands outstretched. Another instant and he had caught her in his arms.

"Doris!" he cried fiercely as he strained her to him, searching her face and sunken eyes. She shuddered, clung to him closer, seemed about to lose her senses, then raising her face to his, smiled.

## CHAPTER XV.

### The Rescue.

North came up on a run. "Thank the Lord," he exclaimed huskily. "I feel like falling upon my knees and worshipping." Ever alert as a weasel, he looked upon all sides and upward. "Where is he now?" he demanded. She shook her head.

"I do not know. He left an hour ago—creeping away among the rocks. He goes and comes as silently as a shadow. Always he seems to be upon the watch, by night as well as by day. I doubt if he ever sleeps." She looked at Alan's torn garments, bloodstained face and lacerated hands. "Oh, it is too bad, too horrible! And Clay—" She shuddered and covered her face with her palms. "I think I lost my senses for a time last night when that terrible thing happened. He seemed to be falling for hours. Take me away from this place of hideousness." North, pacing restlessly about, frowned.

"Guess we will all have to wait hereabouts until we have located this game of ours. For all we know, he may be roosting somewhere about and waiting for us to set sail. I dare not take you aboard until I know that he is not in a position to interfere. He has given me a few illustrations of what he can do in the flying line when he wants to—and neither have I forgotten poor Putnam as yet." The wisdom of his position could not be controverted. Doris must not be risked in the downward flight until the enemy was either rendered harmless or driven afar. They must wait.

Briefly she told them of her ordeal. Following the fearful shock of finding herself borne upward by him had ensued a condition of unconsciousness with brief spells of reason regained, wherein she saw them running and falling as they struggled on below in their pursuit, intermitted by blank periods until at last she awakened to find herself in this land of desolation. He had not seemed to desire to injure her either upon the flight or after their arrival here, in fact had handled her no more severely than necessary in transporting her. And after their descent he had laid no hand upon her, only staring at her by the hour from the distance of a yard or two with his great, beetle-like eyes, silent as a gargoyle or a graven idol. Then of a sudden he would arise, listen as though he had heard a sound which had not registered itself upon her ears, disappear only to later on come creeping back with the stealth of a cat to resume his steadfast gazing. He had not seemed to notice the bitter chill of night and had made no effort to make a fire, and her principal physical sufferings had been caused by the night cold. Neither had he eaten or drunk in her presence, and what he was engaged in during his frequent excursions she had no idea except when—

She shuddered, clinging convulsively to March, speaking in a broken voice. "I would give years of my life to efface that horrible memory. The moon had arisen fairly high when all at once he became rigid, listened, and his eyes shone—Oh, with such a light, so uncanny, so vindictive. They were the eyes of a coiled serpent, only so much greater than a serpent's and therefore room for infinitely more malice. Then he crept away like a ghost through the shadows of the plateau with wings trailing and I saw him outlined for a moment upon a distant pile of rocks before he dropped out of sight upon the other side. It was still then as it is now—this unearthly stillness wherein all noises seem faint and far away with no sounding board to emphasize them. Then a cry arose, a cry so awful that for a moment I was paralyzed by the horror of it, and after that came the sounds of a struggle, the voice of a man who is fighting for his life, hoarse and desperate, together with a strange, croaking sound such as the creature made that night upon the lawn after Clay had wounded him. I knew that he had surprised either you or Clay, or possibly both of you, and that somebody would be killed. My strength came back to me as it did when I rushed out to you with the sword and in my desperation I seized a stone and ran towards the place where they were fighting, not knowing what I

would do except that I would aid with all my little might. Then I saw him arise with a dark form in his arms—who it was I could not tell. He beat his way upward until he was very high, so high that he looked no larger than my hand, and then—" She choked and could speak no more, staring straight ahead with fixed eyes as if fascinated by something far distant—"and then I sank upon this spot and have not left it since. I dared not go and look—not even in the periods of his absence."

She paused and they stood silently, the growl of the wind at it gripping them as though they had just awakened from the spell of a nightmare. Then North's voice arose quiet and even as though he were speaking of the most immaterial of things. "Miss Fulton, there is no occasion for further anxiety upon your part, for between Alan and myself here we will guarantee you protection from all flying things, man or devil, between here and Jupiter. Yet we must all be prepared for action and each be alert to do his part—and that part is going to happen pretty quick." He made a slight motion with his head. "He is coming now. Look to the south." Instantly their eyes flew in that direction. Perhaps a mile away and almost upon a level with the plateau the Flying Man was bearing down upon them with the speed of a hawk, flying as he had done during the long chase by the planes, his body almost horizontal with the earth, his wings cutting the air with a rapidity of movement that they could not follow. That he had just discovered them was evidenced by a sudden broad sweep aside, a halt and a poising, followed by a slow zig-zag course towards the edge of the plateau. Two hundred yards away from them he alighted, and standing upright and with wings half extended stared at them unwinkingly with great, opalescent eyes. March, his left arm thrown around Doris and his right hand clasping his revolver, was debating as to whether he should risk one of his remaining three shots at that improbable hitting distance. North was already speeding upon him with the rush of a terrier.

For perhaps ten seconds March, chafing under the impulse to charge after North, yet not daring to leave the one who was now clinging to him, watched them in absolute fixity. Then as the aviator, now half way across the space, raised his arm for the first shot, the flying one became a thing of energy once more, alert and cunning. The fury of a jealous ape distorted his face. With a leap of incredible quickness he sprang over the ledge and disappeared, and when North, darting up to the edge, peered over it he saw his prey far below, his wings half shut, falling as an autumn leaf eddies downward from a bough. Close above the surface of the crater lake he spread his pinions broad, skimmed over it like a gull and went soaring upward from the momentum of his fall. A mile away he alighted upon the side of the opposite mountain, went crawling over it upon all fours with wings trailing, then picking up a large object mounted again. Upon the table mountain the three shot quick glances at each other. He was about to bombard them from on high with stones that if they struck their mark would fell them as though stricken by the lightning, and March, knowing that he and North would be the objects of the attack, thrust Doris from him and stepped forth upon the cleared space that lay before him. High above them the flying one poised, beating the air as an eagle hovers above the basking fish as he achieves a position of absolute perpendicularity, then released the missile. Straight down upon North it shot, but the aviator darting aside with the quickness of a weasel, dodged it by a dozen feet, yet escaping being beheaded in its clanging rebound by the breadth of a hand. The next instant both revolvers spoke.

Three hundred feet above them they saw him flap convulsively like a wild fowl that feels the sudden sting of lead, wheel in a broad circle, and then go lurching over the abyss with spasmodic beating of his wings. A grim smile came creeping over the face of North. "We touched him up hard that time. Now once again, before he gets out of range." Again the mountains reverberated to the double roar, and the Flying Man, collapsing in midair, turned a complete summersault as he had done that day when the mortars were loosed against him. But this time there was no more whirling, spinning, turning. His great wings now fluttered feebly, he struck the lake in a spout of spray that shot high upward, sank, arose, floated for a moment borne up by his wide pinions, then disappeared in the depths of the blue waters as a shadow merges with the shade.

"And Lako Talo is bottomless. The scientists will never even get his body to speculate over," muttered March. North turned his tense face upon them. "Anyway there are three eye witnesses who can testify at the coroners inquest, and when it comes to applying for that little old reward," he said grimly. "And it will make a respectable sum when divided up pro rata amongst us, Put's widow and a slice for the other boys who did not happen to be in at the death. Also today sees the last flight of one erstwhile aviator named North. I have had enough of skyscraping to last for one lifetime. I am going to get married and live happily in a hole in the ground forever after." He pointed into the air.

"Imlay is coming. He must have heard our guns. He can take one of you down and I will guarantee the safe descent of the other." A grin overspread his face. "You two seem to be having your own troubles and I guess I'll fade into the perspective for a moment if you think you can spare me. And my blessings upon you." He turned his back upon them and was gone behind the rocks.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### The End.

Doris was in March's arms, her tremblings vanished by that strong clasp, the horror that had filled her eyes gone, her sweet face upturned to his.

"But tell me," he was whispering. "Poor Clay—he lost his mental poise at the last and said many wild things. Was there any understanding between you—you know what I mean, Doris—were you?" He hesitated, turning his eyes upon the distant speck floating in the sky, which he knew to be Imlay speeding towards them. Her face grew very grave and her voice was low as she anticipated the word he disliked to speak.

"No—we were good friends, nothing more. He asked me to marry him upon the Sunday of the pursuit and I told him I would answer him by letter upon the following day. He had always been so kind to me that I did not have the courage to refuse him to his face—and he was so strange in many ways. In my letter I told him that I could not accept, begging the privilege of his continued friendship. He accepted the answer calmly, merely renewing his avowals of devotion and repeating that he would give all—even to his life—for me." Her eyes swam mistily. "And the horror of it! He kept his word."

"He loved you devotedly and did all that a brave man could for you, Doris," said March gently. She nodded. "I understand. And his memory—what can one say! She ran her fingers lightly across his matted hair, where the bullet had raked his skull.



Again the Mountains Reverberated to the Double Roar.

"You were wounded?" she asked softly. For the first and last time in his life March lied to her.

"Yes, an accident—the accidental discharge of a revolver. But towards the last I thought you loved him most after all. You never would answer me, you know." She smiled up at him, Doris' old smile, and there was no sweeter one anywhere.

"That night upon the lawn when I thought my last hour had come! Did I not leave him and run to your arms? And was that not answer enough?" A faint whistle fell upon their ears, thin, sibilant, momentarily shrilling louder. March glanced southward again. "Imlay is only a mile away and will be here in another minute to take you back—back to the home from which I shall so shortly take you forever, Doris," he said as he drew her closer. Her head was upon his shoulder, her face upturned, her rich lips but a matter of inches from his own. He claimed them.

THE END.

# Horticultural News

## FEW USES OF LIME-SULPHUR

List of Pests to Combat With Winter Strength, Just as Leaves Are Falling, Is Given.

(By W. H. HICKS, Horticulturalist, Idaho Experiment Station.)

Most all of our orchardists realize the value of lime-sulphur as a spray. In order to make this spray the most effective, it is necessary to know how, when and for what trouble to apply it. The list of pests to combat with winter strength lime-sulphur just as the leaves are falling from the trees in the fall are as follows:

Apple cankers, aphid eggs, moss and lichens, pear leaf blister bite, rabbits and field mice, red spider eggs, woolly aphid.

Some orchardists have found it has been entirely satisfactory to spray for these pests in the spring before the buds open with winter strength of lime-sulphur. Conditions govern the time of application.

The following list of pests may be successfully combated by applying lime-sulphur, winter strength, in the spring, while the buds are swelling:

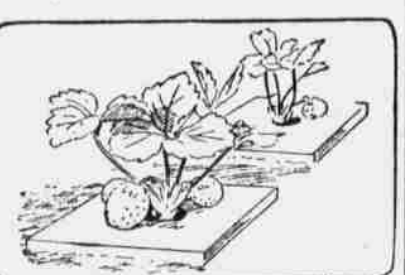
But moth, eggs of apple aphid, eggs of red spider, green peach aphid, grape rot and anthracnose, mildew (apple and rose), moss and lichens, oyster shell scale, peach leaf curl, peach moth, pear leaf blister mite, rabbits and mice, San Jose scale, scurfy scale, twig borer, woolly aphid.

All spraying should be systematically and thoroughly done. Test both the commercial and homemade lime-sulphur with the hydrometer before using to secure the right strength. The plant must be completely covered with the winter-strength lime-sulphur in order to insure satisfactory results. Get every portion from the ground to tip of twigs by spraying from top downwards. Then spray into the bud scales and crevices.

## TO GROW CLEAN STRAWBERRY

Excellent Method of Raising Individual Plants Is Shown in Illustration—Keeps Out Weeds.

A very good method of growing individual strawberry plants that will produce large clean berries is to provide a covering constructed from a board ten inches square with a three-inch hole bored in the center. This covering is placed over the plant, as shown in the sketch, to keep down weeds, retain moisture, and to make



Growing Strawberries on the Surface of a Board Where They Will Ripen Fast and Keep Clean.

a base for the ripening berries. A shower cannot spatter dirt and sand on the growing fruit. The rays of the sun beating on the surface of the board will aid in the ripening.

If a log can be obtained, the boards can be made better and more quickly, writes John Bankholster of Gresham, Ore., in the Popular Mechanics. Disks about one inch thick are sawed from the log and holes in their centers either cut with a chisel or bored, as desired. The grain of the wood will be vertical and no warping will take place.

## UTILITY OF FRUIT THINNING

Cost Is of Minor Importance Compared With Results Obtained—Instrument Better Than Hand.

The cost of thinning is of minor importance as compared with the results obtained. At the Colorado experiment station it was found that an average of 750 apples per hour were thinned from the tree, making 7,500 apples for a day of ten hours. Allowing \$2 per day for a man's wages the cost of thinning a bearing tree was 64 cents. The thinning should be done as soon after the "June drop" as possible, for experiments show that it is much better for a tree and remaining apples. It has also been demonstrated that thinning is much more easily done with an instrument than by hand.

In summarizing the work that has been done at the various state experiment stations, C. C. Vincent, associate professor of horticulture at the Idaho station, draws these conclusions:

That thinning pays in money returns the first year.

The earlier the thinning can be done the better will be the returns.

The best results are obtained by leaving the apples from nine to ten inches apart.

The systematic and annual uniform thinning does much toward securing an annual crop.

## Show at the Fair.

Show something in the fruit or vegetable line at your county or neighborhood fair. You will find it not only helps the exhibition, but broadens you.

## Backache Warns You

Backache is one of Nature's warnings of kidney weakness. Kidney disease kills thousands every year.

Don't neglect a bad back. If your back is lame—if it hurts to stoop or lift—if there is irregularity of the secretions—suspect your kidneys. If you suffer headaches, dizziness and are tired, nervous and worn-out, you have further proof.

Use Doan's Kidney Pills, a fine remedy for bad backs and weak kidneys.

## An Indiana Case

Mrs. John D. Whitaker, 405 N. East St., Madison, Ind., says: "Dark spots appeared under my eyes and my ankles were indamed and swollen. I was all crippled up with rheumatism. My back ached constantly and I was a physical wreck. Doctors and expensive treatment of specialists failed. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me from the first and before long, restored me to good health."

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## Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

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